STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #7

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STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES
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Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Half page tall. BEN SANTINI, JAEGER WEISS and KHALID TEFIBI stand at a “THRIFTY” RENTAL CAR COUNTER inside of the ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

Santini wears black slacks, and a white button-down collared long-sleeve shirt with no tie and the collar button open.

Tefibi wears an identical pair of cheap slacks and a white button-down collared SHORT-SLEEVE shirt (those awful ugly ones you always see NASA guys wearing in the movies).

Jaeger Weiss wears a pair of bleached-out jeans with a turtle-neck sweater. Very GQ... remember, Weiss is the best-looking man on Earth. He looks like a young Clint Eastwood in DIRTY HARRY. Weiss STARES at a passing woman’s ASS over his black sunglasses, his lips pursed into a silent whistle.

Santini leans across the counter, talking with the RENTAL CAR AGENT, a pretty Southern woman with a Big Ugly Hairdo, and a very shapely figure almost completely disguised by her cheap uniform’s ugly, poorly fitting 80’s style sportscoat.

TEXT CAPTION
ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. FRIDAY. 1300.

RENTAL CAR AGENT
Sir, are you *SURE* you wouldn’t rather have the UPGRADE to the Lincoln?

SANTINI
No, it HAS to be a Ford Crown Victoria. Black.

RENTAL CAR AGENT
But the Lincoln is more *LUXURIOUS* and more comfortable for three adults...

SANTINI
Black. Ford. Crown Victoria. Please.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. Side view, the Agent hands Santini THE KEYS.

RENTAL CAR AGENT
Your Black Ford Crown Victoria is in parking lot C, space number 24. Y'all have a nice day, now.

SANTINI
Thank you.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Santini hands the keys to Tefibi. Tefibi's not happy.

SANTINI
Tefibi, get the car and pull it around the front of the Terminal. Jaeger & I will get the special luggage.

TEFIBI
Why do *I* have to get the car?

SANTINI
Because if an Egyptian guy named Khalid Tefibi tries to pick up the package I've got at Airport Security, he's spending the next year in a secret American Military Detention camp.

PANEL FOUR

Small inset panel. Tefibi smiles. Big.

TEFIBI
I'll get the car.

PAGE 2 **2**

PANEL ONE

SECURITY OFFICES. This is like a small UPS shipping counter... a miniature version of a passenger baggage conveyer belt takes luggage and packages from the magical baggage monkeys behind the wall and rotates it into the room.

Santini holds a clipboard, signing it in several places. Next to him stands A HUSKY FAT-ISH SECURITY GUARD, pointing at the clipboard.

Weiss stands to the side, watching.

Behind them is a GIGANTIC CRATE, about the size of a coffin.

SECURITY GUARD
Okay, Mr. Mitchum, sign here.

SECURITY GUARD
And here.

SECURITY GUARD
And here. Okay, that’s it. Hey, whatcha guys gonna do with all that stuff, anyways?

PANEL TWO

Santini smiles as he and Jaeger lift the crate. It’s obviously heavy. The Security Guard holds open the door for them. Outside, the passenger drop-off and pick-up curb beckons.

SANTINI
We’re making a movie.

SECURITY GUARD
Wow. That’s gonna be some movie.

SANTINI
We TRY HARDER than most.

PANEL THREE

Santini and Jaeger maneuver the huge crate into the trunk of a BLACK FORD CROWN VICTORIA. On the ground next to the Ford are three small carry-on bags.

JAEGER
Shouldn’t we inspect the contents?

SANTINI
Not near an airport. We’ll unpack off the main road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Go get changed, Jaeger. These are the last public restrooms we’ll see for a while.

JAEGER
Yes sir.

PANEL FOUR

Jaeger walks away from the car, one of the carry-on bags in his hand. Santini and Tefibi stow the rest of the bags in the backseat.

TEFIBI
Who drives?

SANTINI
You do. Weiss and I need to rest up.

PANEL FIVE

Weiss returns, dressed in cheap slacks and a white button-down shirt. A tie dangles loose around his neck.

JAEGER
I’m dressed.

SANTINI
Fantastic, let’s roll.

PAGE 3 **3**

PANEL ONE

The three StormWatch guys in the car. Santini and Jaeger sit in the back, looking at file folders.

SANTINI
They’ve got heat sensors here, here, here.

JAEGER
Together with the motion detectors, that would keep most people out.

SANTINI
Not today.

PANEL TWO

On Tefibi. Asking a question without taking his eyes off the road.

TEFIBI
Can I ask a question?

SANTINI
One.

TEFIBI
What’s with all this low tech subterfuge? Why not just teleport in?

PANEL THREE

On Santini.

SANTINI
Every teleporter leaves a unique energy signature. We can’t have anyone proving we were here.

PANEL FOUR

Santini smiles.

SANTINI
Besides. It’s going to be so much more satisfying to breeze through the front door.

PANEL FIVE

Santini points over Tefibi’s shoulder towards a SOFTDRINK BILLBOARD off to the side of the highway.

SANTINI
Pull over off the road behind that sign there.

PAGE 4 **4**

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. The car is parked off the side of the road behind a billboard. All three men are out of the car, gathered around the trunk. Santini leans into the trunk. WE CANNOT SEE INSIDE THE TRUNK!

SANTINI
Time to play dress up.

PANEL TWO

Santini is up out of the trunk. He hands Tefibi a closed cardboard box.

SANTINI
Let’s pretty up the car first.

PANEL THREE

In the background, Tefibi attaches a series of radio antennas to the car’s rear window and roof.

In the foreground, Santini and Weiss use screwdrivers to pry the hubcaps off of the car’s tires.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

1/2 page wide. Weiss loosens the license plates...

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

1/2 page wide. Weiss screws on new “US GOVERNMENT” plates.

NO DIALOG

PANEL SIX

Widescreen. ANGLE ON the back of the car. Santini & Weiss haul the crate out of the trunk of the car. On panel left, Tefibi applies a flat decal (WE CANNOT SEE WHAT IT IS!) to the car door.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 5 **5**

PANEL ONE

Diagonal downshot from over Santini's shoulder as he pries off the lid of the crate with a crowbar.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Upshot from the crate's POV as Santini, Tefibi and Weiss stare down at the crate's contents. Tefibi and Weiss are smiling. Santini sneers at their glee.

TEFIBI
See, now THAT is a beautiful sight.

JAEGER
Ja. Sehr schöne.

SANTINI
If I knew I'd be riding herd on such a pair of technogeeks, I'd have asked for a payraise.

PANEL THREE

Santini hands Tefibi a METAL DEVICE. Think of a laptop computer, then go freaking crazy. This is a laptop designed by Salvador Dali. Melted-looking. NONHUMAN.

SANTINI
Happy Birthday, Tefibi. Never say I don't do anything for you.

TEFIBI
See, now *THIS* is why I joined StormWatch. Where'd you get it?

SANTINI
Classified. Let's just say that the little bug-eyed alien was too dead to complain that I was stealing his laptop.

JAEGER
Do you have something in your magic box for me?

PANEL FOUR

Downshot on the crate. Santini lifts lifts a foam-core layer of padding with the shape of the alien laptop cut out of it.

Below the foam, in the bottom of the crate is a wicked-looking handgun. Smooth, curvey, two-barrelled. Finger-grooved handlegrip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something like the Blade Runner gun (see reference section at the end of the script).

JAEGER
That's all? Just a pistol?

TEFIBI
Just a pistol, he says.

PAGE 6 **6**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi holds the pistol up in both hands like he's offering it unto Jaeger.

TEFIBI
Some people. No fucking respect. Look: It's just a pistol, right? WRONG.

TEFIBI
First off, the world's best pistols are only combat accurate to about 100 meters. Why?

JAEGER
I feel a lecture beginning here...

PANEL TWO

Mark, do you know guns? If not, here's a website to see how a pistol is put together so that you can get an idea of how to disassemble yours in a realistic-looking fashion:

http://www.browning.com/products/manuals/hipower/hipower.htm

The big difference in this pistol is that it's more like a portable rifle than a pistol... There should be a rifle bolt instead of a semi-automatic pistol slide.

Tefibi holds the pistol up near his face and pulls back the bolt, locking it into place.

TEFIBI
Because the barrel's too short, the load's not powerful enough, and you gun-toting yahoos never clean the damn things.

JAEGER
(confused)
Yahoos?

PANEL THREE

Tefibi sneers as he pops the clip out of the pistol and looks down the empty barrel.

TEFIBI
Yeah, yahoos. Dumkopfs to you, Deutschlander. Doesn't matter with this baby. I'm using a smokeless powder which leaves no residue. You'll never have to clean it.

JAEGER
Impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi hands the empty pistol and the full 8-round clip to Jaeger. The clip is HUGE... Here’s a picture of some 30-06 ammo so you can see the size of this stuff -- it’s almost as big as a finger!

http://www.camohunter.com/crookedhornammo.html

TEFIBI
It gets better. What do you think this baby shoots? 9mm? 10mm? .38?

JAEGER
.45?

TEFIBI
Try .30-06 Rifle ammunition.

JAEGER
Rifle ammunition? Too loud! And too much recoil!

PANEL FIVE

Tefibi smiles broadly and points to the barrel.

TEFIBI
Naaah. See, it’s got a sound supressor built in... It’s no louder than a BB gun. The suppressor also works as a muzzle brake to keep it from tearing your arm off.

TEFIBI
And best of all, I’m giving you partitioned bullets for maximum soft-tissue penetration. You shoot someone, the tip goes right through them and the rest of the bullet mushrooms up and bounces around inside of them.

PAGE 7 **7**

PANEL ONE

Jaeger holds the pistol in one hand and one of the .30-06 Bullets in the other. He holds the tip of the bullet near his eye, examining it. He’s smirking.

JAEGER
Tefibi, why is it that when you speak of WEAPONS, it sounds like you are describing SEX?

PANEL TWO

Two-shot on Tefibi and Jaeger. Tefibi is irritated.

TEFIBI
Oh ha ha, very funny. Look there’s more...

JAEGER
What more could there be? We already have PENETRATION, soft tissues, mushrooming, barrels which are too SHORT and yahoos who never clean their RESIDUES...

TEFIBI
You’re a laugh a minute, tough guy.

PANEL THREE

Tefibi hands Jaeger a red-metal clip. Jaeger is smiling widely at Tefibi’s discomfort.

TEFIBI
Last thing: the bullets in this clip are made of EXOTHERMIC metals which ignite when fired. They’ll propel a fireball BLAST over 250 feet. Think of it as a five second flamethrower.

JAEGER
Ah, ja, now we come to the conclusion. The CLIMAX. A fiery LOAD with which to consummate your gun fetish.

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi makes towards Jaeger as if to punch him. Jaeger doesn’t move, he just stands there smiling. Santini steps between them.

TEFIBI
Look, you smug...

SANTINI
Okay, break it up, ladies. Put your hats and coats on and let’s go.

PAGE 8 **8**

PANEL ONE

Santini and Tefibi shrug into dark blue nylon windbreakers. Jaeger straps the HUGE pistol under his arm with a two-strap holster. Under the other arm is a holster for three of the giant clips of ammunition.

TEFIBI
Never thought I'd be wearing one of these.

JAEGER
Too fat to pass the physical?

PANEL TWO

Close on Tefibi as he pulls a dark blue baseball cap down over his forehead. It reads FBI across the front in white letters.

TEFIBI
Naah. It's just that these pricks busted me three years ago for hacking into the Pentagon. I'd still be rotting in Federal Prison if Santini hadn't sprung me.

PANEL THREE

Santini reaches into the crate and pulls out the last two items: a nasty-looking pump-action shotgun complete with bandolier of shells which works as the sling, AND with the other hand, a device which looks like an brand new 8-track tape player (i.e. a box about 8"x"6 x 3" tall with a slot in the front big enough to put your hand into flat.

SANTINI
You just keep remembering who got your ass out. And why.

PANEL FOUR

Santini drops the shotgun into the trunk. The 8-track machine stays under his arm. In the background, Jaeger struggles into a FBI windbreaker.

SANTINI
Let's roll. I want to get this over with get back to New York before lunch. I'm hungry and I'm not in the mood to eat the cracker food they serve around here.

PAGE 9 **9**

PANEL ONE

On the road. We finally see the effect of the StormWatch crew's operation on the rental car: it looks like an FBI car, with an FBI decal on the doors, no hubcaps, tons of little antennas it looks like any other cop car.

Santini drives now. Jaeger is in the passenger seat. Tefibi in the back, his alien laptop on his lap. The computer uses a holographic display instead of a screen. It shows a topographic map.

TEFIBI
Two more miles down the road on the right.

SANTINI
I know where I'm going Tefibi. I've been here before. Back in the bad old days when I worked for these people.

PANEL TWO

Santini makes a right turn off the paved road, turning onto a wide two-lane gravel road which cuts across green fields of cotton.

JAEGER
What type of plants are those?

SANTINI
Cotton. You know the song, right? *"Oh I wish I were in the land o' cotton, old times there are not forgotten..."*

PANEL THREE

Close on Santini. PISSED FUCKING OFF!

SANTINI
You'd better fucking believe that they're not.

PANEL FOUR

On Tefibi. Smiling.

TEFIBI
Considering who we're going to see, I thought you'd be singing *"Jump down, turn around, pick a bale of cotton. Jump down, turn around, pick a bale a day."*

TEFIBI
See, Jaeger, that's an old slave song. And this mother? He's big into them old time traditions.

PAGE 10 **10**

PANEL ONE

Widescreen, top half of page. A huge WHITE mansion stands out amongs the fields. 3 stories tall with a huge cupola on the roof. Tall white roman columns go from the wide porch up to the overhanging roof. You know... All that Mark Twain shit.

Around the house itself are planted tons of 200-year old trees, many of them taller than the house itself. Here’s an example, but try to top these guys:

http://www.dblell.com/images/oct-pics/Waverly%20house.jpg

PANEL TWO

In the car. Through the front windshield on Jaeger staring upwards at the HUGE house.

JAEGER
I thought America had no castles.

SANTINI
Rich men can’t live without an ostentatious show of wealth, Jaeger. It’s one of their primary weaknesses.

PANEL THREE

Inside the car. Tefibi types on the laptop.

TEFIBI
I’m hooked into all of the nearby cel phone towers.

SANTINI
Get the land lines, too.

TEFIBI
Taken care of. This computer is amazing, Santini.

PANEL FOUR

On Santini, driving. He smiles and looks at Tefibi in the rear-view mirror, still facing the road.

SANTINI
The most amazing thing is that thing was their equivalent to a Palm Pilot. Keep doing your job right and maybe I’ll let you use their desktop machine.

PAGE 11 **11**

PANEL ONE

From the back seat’s perspective, looking forward down the road.

50 feet in front of the car, two men in a black suit stand in the middle of the gravel road. One of them has his arms raised over his head for the car to stop. They both carry M-16s.

SANTINI
Here we go.

PANEL TWO

Car stopped. One guy leans in the car window. The other stands about four feet away, aiming his M-16 at the car. Santini flashes an FBI badge.

MAN IN BLACK #1
Can I help you?

SANTINI
F.B.I. We’re here to see Senator Terns.

MAN IN BLACK #1
Give me your badges. I’ll need to check you out.

PANEL THREE

Inside the car. Santini hands The Man in Black three leather badge wallets.

SANTINI
Here you go.

MAN IN BLACK #1
I’ll be right back.

PANEL FOUR

Same shot. The MIB is a few feet away from the car, talking on a cel phone.

SANTINI
Tefibi?

TEFIBI
We’re covered, habib.

SANTINI
You’d better be right or this is going to be a real short visit.

PAGE 12 **12**

PANEL ONE

Close-up on Tefibi’s holographic screen display. Text floating in mid-air above his “laptop.” Tefibi’s hands type on the keyboard, typing in the BLUE response to the questions.

LAPTOP “SCREEN” TEXT (IN RED)
INCOMING: “Yeah, Mitchum #2468918G, Eastwood #967324K, Shaloub #7718418K.”

LAPTOP “SCREEN” TEXT (IN BLUE)
GWEN: “Hold on... Yeah, they’re legit FBI, they’re there to see Terns about unrelated matters.”

PANEL TWO

Close on Man in Black #1. He’s on the phone.

CEL PHONE (RADIO BUBBLE)
Hold on... Yeah, they’re legit FBI, they’re there to see Terns about unrelated matters.

MAN IN BLACK #1
So I should let them through?

CEL PHONE (RADIO BUBBLE)
Yes. No need to raise suspicions amongst the feds.

MAN IN BLACK #1
Okay, great. Thanks, Gwen.

PANEL THREE

Man in Black #1 leans through the window and hands Santini back the three badges.

MAN IN BLACK #1
Okay, you guys check out.

SANTINI
Glad to hear it. What’s with all the security? Is there a problem we should be aware of?

MAN IN BLACK #1
No, just some routine death threats against the Senator. Typical stuff, you know. You can head on through to the house.

SANTINI
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Inside the car. From the back seat, Tefibi watches the Men in Black fade away into the distance, a relieved look on his face.

TEFIBI
Well fuck me running. I didn’t think that was really going to work.

SANTINI
Oh ye of little faith.

PAGE 13 **13**

PANEL ONE

Huge panel. Upshot on the black FBI car parked in front of the HUGE white house. Santini climbs out of the car, the house looming over his shoulder.

SANTINI
Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

TEFIBI (IN CAR)
Huh? You say something, Sir?

SANTINI
According to Dante, that’s what it says above the gates to Hell.

PANEL TWO

Santini, Jaeger and Tefibi climb the stone steps at the front of the building, Santini in the lead. All wearing their FBI coats and hats. Tefibi carries his laptop.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Standing at the HUGE carved doors, Santini pulls a guilded rope doorbell pull. Tefibi gawks at the porch portico.

SOUND EFX
BOOONG!

TEFIBI
Swank.

SANTINI
Not the adjective I would have used.

TEFIBI
What would you have said?

SANTINI
Evil. Dank, dripping evil.

PANEL FOUR

The door opens, an elderly African-American butler beyond it. White shirt with a tuxedo collar, black vest, black pants. No coat.

BUTLER
This way, please Gentlemen.

PAGE 14 **14**

PANEL ONE

Large panel. Upshot. The house has one of those grand, circular staircases which runs along the wall going upwards for four stories. The domed cupola at the top of the building lets in tons of natural light. The floor is Italian marble, the drapes are French linen, the chandeliers are made of cut German crystal, the furniture is all gold-gilt Louis 15th style... This is the house of a VERY rich man.

The butler climbs the staircase, the three StormWatchers behind him.

JAEGER
Impressive. This is a beautiful house.

BUTLER
It was built 120 years ago by Senator Terns' great-great-great-great grandfather, Augustus Terns.

PANEL TWO

Santini walking up the stairs.

SANTINI
Augustus Terns... He made his fortune in the slave trade, correct?

PANEL THREE

Downshot on the butler, Santini behind him. The butler doesn't look happy.

BUTLER
I'm sure I wouldn't know anything about that, sir.

PANEL FOUR

A library, old wooden bookcase filled with priceless manuscripts. A high-backed antique recliner sits in the middle of the room, facing away from the door and out towards a large window overlooking the plantation's fields. The light coming in from the window silhouettes the chair and the man sitting in it.

BUTLER
Some men from the FBI to see you, Senator.

PAGE 15 **15**

PANEL ONE

Okay, here's our badguy. He's Jesse Helms' uglier brother. Fat, white, ugly, bald, sweaty, creepy, evil, these and many other horrible descriptions perfectly cover our good friend Senator Sonny Terns. The sick cracker even dresses like Colonel Sanders in one of those little white suits with a black bowtie with tails. He's an uglier Archie Bunker in a white suit. We should hate this guy the second we see him.

So anyway, Terns is getting up out of his chair and leaning towards camera... Maybe a slight upshot on him as he stretches out his hands to shake.

SENATOR TERNS
Good day, Gentlemen. Senator Sonny Terns. Always pleased to be of help to the gentlemen from the Eff Bee Eye.

PANEL TWO

Close shot. Santini shakes Terns' hand, giving him one of those asshole handshakes where the guy tries to grind your fingers to dust. Every muscle in the hand flexing to its utmost.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Special Agent Mitchum. A pleasure to meet the man who approves my budget at the FBI. We actually met a few years ago, sir.

PANEL THREE

Terns cradles his crushed right hand with his left. He's still smiling, sort of. It's an angry smile now, though.

SENATOR TERNS
Well, I'd have thought that I'd remember that grip, Son, but I meet so many people that I couldn't possibly remember them all. I'm sure you understand.

SANTINI
Completely. I remember it perfectly, however.

SENATOR TERNS
Well, I'm sure it meant a lot to YOU. Now, what did you **BOYS** come here to talk to me about?

PANEL FOUR

Santini points to Tefibi and Jaeger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Agents? If you would? The Senator and I need to have a **private** conversation.

PAGE 16 **16**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi cranks up the laptop. A miniature schematic of the room is laid out in green lines, floating above his freaky computer. Three items are CIRCLED in RED on the 3-D schematic.

TEFIBI
There’s a video camera in the bookshelf next to the door, a microphone in the desk and some type of emergency signal transmitter in the Senator’s pocket.

PANEL TWO

On Santini & the Senator. Santini smiles. The Senator looks a tad bit nervous.

SANTINI
Turn them all off. Erase whatever they have thus far.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Already done, sir.

SENATOR TERNS
Just what’s going on here, Agent Mitchum?

SANTINI
Just one moment, Senator.

PANEL THREE

Santini points to the double-doors to the library. Jaeger steps towards them.

SANTINI
Agent Eastwood, if you’d be so kind as to wait in the hallway.

JAEGER
I’ll be outside if you need me, sir.

PANEL FOUR

From inside the room, we see Jaeger closing the twin doors, sealing the men inside.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 17 **17**

PANEL ONE

The Senator is hot under the collar.

SENATOR TERNS
Special Agent Mitchum, unless you'd like to be **cleaning** the director's **toilet** next week, I advise you tell me what's going on here.

SANTINI
Well, sir, to really get the importance of this meeting across to you, it's essential that we see a few minutes of C-SPAN.

PANEL TWO

A 38" flat-screen TV is set into one of the bookcases. The Senator turns it on by pressing a control on the front of it.

SENATOR TERNS
What's on C-SPAN this morning? It can't be anything of **importance** or **I'd** be in Washington for it...

PANEL THREE

C-SPAN footage of a House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence Hearing. A huge row of house members sits at a raised table onscreen.

SCREEN TEXT
House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence Hearing on United Nations funding.

SENATOR TERNS (O.S.)
A **House** meetin' about the **United Nations** funding? What's so important about...

PANEL FOUR

Camera angle on TV changes to the person testifying before the HPSCI. It's Santini in US Army full dress uniform. He's got a HUGE Chest Salad of ribbons, a combat infantryman's badge, jump wings with a gold combat jump star, the crossed guns on his collar denoting his Infantry branch, a golden full bird colonel eagle on his other lapel.

http://www.defenselink.mil/specials/ribbons/Army1.html

SENATOR TERNS
That...

CONTINUED:

SCREEN TEXT
Colonel Benito Santini, US Army, ret.
Director: United Nations StormWatch

SANTINI
You remember me **now**, Motherfucker?

PAGE 18 **18**

PANEL ONE

Santini standing in the library next to the TV watching himself as he testifies on the TV.

SCREEN TEXT
C-Span. LIVE from Washington D.C.

SANTINI (ON TV)
That funding is essential to our team's survival, Congressman. It was allocated years ago, and it is five years **past due**.

SANTINI (ON TV)
Is America a country which pays its debts, or is it a **deadbeat** nation which passes bad checks to the poor of the world?

PANEL TWO

Santini, smiling, touches himself on the TV set.

SANTINI
Frederick Ngebe Braumholtenstein. Born of Dutch and Zulu descent in South Africa. StormWatch Reservist since 1993. Codenamed: Alias, Fred can change his body mass, color and vocal timbre to imitate anyone.

SANTINI
Right now he's imitating **me**. Doing a good job, too. Funny thing about TV, Senator. People tend to **believe** what they see.

SANTINI
For instance, **everyone** on Earth believes that I'm testifying before Congress in Washington DC at this very moment. That **belief** makes it **true**.

PANEL THREE

Half-page wide. Same shot on Santini, all smiling gone from his face. Serious. Thousand-Yard Stare.

SANTINI
Which means that I can do **whatever** I want to you and no one is ever going to **believe** that I was here.

PANEL FOUR

Senator Terns steps backwards away from Santini, a look of combined horror and disgust on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR TERNS
Santini, you just don’t understand what the situation here is... You’re too wrapped up in your **personal business** to see the **big picture**!

SANTINI
Why don’t you spell it out for me?

SANTINI
Help me see **The BIG PICTURE.**

PANEL FIVE

Santini smiles, big and evil.

SANTINI
Explain to me just why you and Ivana Baiul felt the need to **burn** down the United Nations and to **kill** me and my team.

PAGE 19 **19**

PANEL ONE

Angle on Santini and Terns. The nervous Senator loosens his collar around his fat neck with a sweaty forefinger.

SENATOR TERNS
Come on, Santini! Super Powered Beings are a **strategic** resource. Like a **nuclear** missile submarine or a B-2 Bomber but **worse.**

SENATOR TERNS
Enemies of the United States are attempting to **militarize** these **freaks** all over the world!

SENATOR TERNS
We can't allow ourselves to **fall behind** in a superhuman **arms race**!

PANEL TWO

Santini sits in the Senator's chair, fingers crossed in the executive "temple." He looks over his arched fingers, the bottom half of his face hidden.

SANTINI
You know, when I was a **kid**, my mother always told me that **anyone** could grow up to be a **Senator.**

SANTINI
Looking at **you**, I'm starting to **worry** that it's **true.**

SANTINI
What does your SPB envy have to do with me?

PANEL THREE

Senator Terns sits behind a large desk.

SENATOR TERNS
Don't play stupid! Your team's **unstated** goal is to **kill** all of the world's superhumans!

SENATOR TERNS
Oh, sure, you're enough of a **patriot** to wait until you've killed the **terrorists** and the **Islamists** and the **aliens**, but you'll work your way around to the **USA**, I've no doubt of that!

SENATOR TERNS
And I **won't allow** that! The United States **must** maintain a superhuman strategic **superiority**!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

The Senator leans back from his desk, sneering, stretching his arms out.

SENATOR TERNS
THAT'S why I **stalled** out the UN's **funding** in the Senate. **THAT'S** why I had Ivana Baiul burn down the UN and try to **kill** you.

SENATOR TERNS
Because **no way** on Earth am I going to allow a bunch of Super **Niggers** from Africa come here and lay waste to this great nation.

SENATOR TERNS
Your **foreign** bosses at the UN got too big for their britches. We have a saying down south, Colonel Santini...

PANEL FIVE

Small panel, on the Senator's hand as he pulls a guilded rope behind him like the one at the front door.

SOUND EFX
BOOOONG!

SENATOR TERNS
You **fuck** with the **bull**, you get the **horns**.

PAGE 20 **20**

PANEL ONE

The senator sits in his chair, smiling, fingers clasped across his fat belly.

SENATOR TERNS
And in about ten seconds, **boy**, you're going to see just how deeply a man can get gored by an angry bull.

PANEL TWO

On Santini, totally calm. In the background, Tefibi is up and out of his seat, a panicked look on his face.

TEFIBI
Colonel Santini! We **gotta** get out of here!

SENATOR TERNS
No, that's okay, I think we'll **wait** for the Senator's **Bull**.

PANEL THREE

Angle on the closed library doors.

PANEL FOUR

The doors to the library are shoved open. Jaeger stands there, his metal facemask on, dripping blood, his gigantic pistol in one hand, a dead body in the other -- one of the Men In Black from the front gate, only now he has giant metal claws extended from his hands (like he's a low-rent Wolverine or something)

JAEGER
You were correct about the hired help. They were all SPBs. Techno-enhanced mostly.

PANEL FIVE

Jaeger slides his mask up onto the top of his head and smiles.

JAEGER
And Tefibi? Please forgive anything cruel which I have ever spoken to you.

JAEGER
You keep **fucking** your guns and computers. Your children are **marvelous.**

PAGE 21 **21**

PANEL ONE

Santini up and out of his chair. He stands in front of the Senator who is terrified now.

SANTINI
So. Tell me **again** about the **horns**?

SENATOR TERNS
What are you going to do? Kill me? You wouldn’t **dare**!

SANTINI
One of your friends said that to me recently. I proved him wrong. But you... no, an important **racist** thug **Senator** like you gets **special** treatment, not just the bullet in the back of your head that you **deserve**.

PANEL TWO

Santini leaning in close to the Senator. He smiles at the Senator’s fear.

SANTINI
See, Frederick Ngebe Braumholtenstein, **Codename: Alias** is going to be **filling in** for you down in Washington for the next few years.

SANTINI
Let’s take a moment to ponder the wry irony of having a **mixed-race** kid born in South Africa during the 1970s taking your place in the Senate.

SANTINI
You, who voted **against** the Civil Rights Act.

PANEL THREE

Santini and crew walk down the stairs of the big ballroom. Dead bodies are scattered all over the place, all in black suits.

SANTINI
See, I’ve got a special **cell** picked out for your ass in the **basement** of the UN building.

SANTINI
And I’m going to make sure it’s wired up with C-SPAN, CNN and FOX NEWS 24/7...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Just so I can hear you **scream** in agony at what kinds of **Leftist** shit Fred and I are cooking up in **your** name.

PANEL FOUR

Outside, at the Ford Crown Vic. Santini holds his shotgun on the Senator as the fat man stands next to the wooden weapons crate.

SENATOR TERNS
I’ll **kill** you for this.

SANTINI
No. You **won’t**. You’re never going to talk to another human being ever again.

SANTINI
You’re going to go insane from the isolation and **die** is a 4x4 holding tank right next door to a terrorist who you hired to kill me.

SANTINI
Now get in the fucking crate, you evil piece of **shit**.

PANEL FIVE

Inset panel, Santini and Jaeger pound the lid to the crate back on. I did say it was as large as a coffin, remember? ;)

NO DIALOG

PAGE 22 **22**

PANEL ONE

Small. Santini points over his shoulder to the mansion.

SANTINI
Now, Jaeger, if you could do the honors.

JAEGER
Ja. A pleasure.

PANEL TWO

Small. Jaeger loads the RED clip into his pistol.

SOUND EFX
Click-Clack!

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, short. Jaeger points his pistol toward the house and pulls the trigger. An enormous GOUT OF FLAMES pours from the barrel and onto the white house.

SOUND EFX
Fa-WHOOOOSH!

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. 1/2 the page tall. Upshot on the house burning, Santini, Tefibi and Jaeger silhouetted against the flames.

TEFIBI
Well I wish I was in the land o' cotton,
bonfires there are not forgotten, look away,
look away, look away... Dixieland.

SANTINI
You burn my house, I burn yours. And then I move in and remodel the bitch so you can't recognize it when next you see it.

JAEGER
You Americans are all insane.

SANTINI
Damn right.

THE EVER-LOVING END,
BABY!

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